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THE WHIGGS LAMENTATION,

For the Death of their Dear Brother Colledge,
The Protestant J O Y N E R.

Ag^t htm.

To the Tune of, *Now, Now, the Fights Done, and the Great God of War, &c.*

4. Nov. 1681.

(I.)

Brave Colledge is Hang'd, the Chief of our hopes,
For pulling down Bishops, and making New Popes;
Our dear Brother Property crawls on the Ground,
In Poland, King Anthony ne're will be Crown'd:
For now their resolv'd, that *Harts* shall be Trump,
And the Prentices Swear, they will Burn the Old Rump.

(II.)

Brave Colledge, both Champion and Carver of Laws,
Who dyed undaunted, and stuck to the Cause;
What mischief might thou, to the Godly have done
Had thy daring Soul, dreaded the World to come?
And all thy dear Party to dainger expos'd,
If thou to the World, had thy secrets disclos'd.

(III.)

But now thou art Hang'd, and that fear is past,
Were all that's in question as safe in the Nest;
Then we some new means, might consult or contrive,
To drive on our purpose, to prosper or thrive:
But the Popish PLOT, has now quite lost it's Name,
And none thy bright Blunderbush dare to maintain.

(IV.)

What K---but Great Colledge, could er'e make a Pope
Tho' he was or'e rul'd by the end of the Rope?
Great Colledge, was certainly *Jure Divino*,
When the Tripple Crown, on the Popes Head did *Shino*.
He burnt him to Ashes, for pastime like *Nero*
Then strait made a new one, such Power had our *Hero*.

(V.)

Great Colledge, must certainly dye a good Martyr,
Being Knight of the Halter, and above the Garter;
Our dear Brother States-man, tho' bred in a Saw-pit,
Had Internal *Genious*, enough to or'ethrow Wit:
He fram'd a new Model, to limit the King,
In hopes Crown and Sceptre, might trickle to him.

(VI.)

Great Britain, ne're bred such a Brother as Colledge,
He made Seven Popes, in his Time on our knowledge;
Our Signals of Crimes, he put in the Popes Armes,
Which prudent Contrivance, our Function Alarms.
With threats in Petition, Kings Power to restrain,
Tet *Towser*, and *Broomstaff*, rides Admiral again.

(VII.)

Great *Hanibals* Conquest, nor *Olivers* Nose,
Could with such finall Slaughter, subdue such great Foes,
As he in this three years, with help of our Party,
Hath check'd our three Kingdoms and *Magna Carta*.
The Head of our Church, and the Head of our Cause,
He would have maintain'd them by Perjury and Blows.

(VIII.)

He now may be call'd, a third Saviour oth' Nation,
To save his dear Church, he Renounced Salvation;
Like Famous *Cargile*, he dy'd for King Jesus,
Defying Church Idols, enough to amaze us:
He ty'd up together, both his and our Crimes,
And dy'd like a Devil, to damp our Designs.

(IX.)

Our Case toth' Carreter-men, we must refer
To *Shadwell*, and *Settle*, to *Curtis*, and *Carr*.
To know who Succeeds, our Late Captain the Joyner,
He must be an Artist, some Carver, or Coyner,
To make our Solemn ty, and some New Popes,
On which our dependency, hangs and our hopes.

(X.)

But when the time comes, that the Pope must be burn'd
I fear we shall finde that the Tide is much turn'd?
For the *Tory* Party, hath got so much ground,
To Head a Rebellion there's none will be found;
For now they'r Relolved that *Harts* shall be Trump,
And the Prentices Swear, they'l burn the Old Rump.

(XI.)

Such a confused Monster, they swear they'l Compose
Of all the Dissenters, that are the Kings Foes;
The *Baptist*, and *Biter*, the *Pendant*, and *Quaker*,
From which they will draw such a prodigious Creature:
More Diabolical Invective Far,
Then all Popes Solemnity's at *Temple-Barr*.

(XII.)

Our Common-Council lets Summon together,
To Pannel pack't Jury's, Let's mak't our endeavour,
For an *Habeus Corpus*, insist on our Power;
To fetch our Great Patriots out of the Tower;
And then we'll Dispute the Case, for Reformation;
And make the Proud *Torys* Relign us the Nation.